nobility, and divide their estates; which must be according to the will of God, for he has already given us two great victories."

Pan Yan was thinking of something else, and did not hear the prating of the colonel, who continued, —

"When after the battle I saw the high mighty hetman of the crown, my lord and benefactor, bound in Tugai Bey's quarters, and he was pleased immediately to call me a Judas and unthankful, I answered him: 'Serene, great voevoda! I am not unthankful, for when I shall be in possession of your castles and property, I will make you my under-starosta if you will promise not to get drunk.' Oh, ho! Tugai Bey will get ransom for those birds that he has caught, and therefore he spares them; were it not for that, Hmelnitski and I would talk differently to them. But see! the wagon is ready for you and the Tartars are on hand. Where do you wish to go?"

"To Chigirin."

"'As thou makest thy bed, so wilt thou sleep.' The Tartars will conduct you even to Lubni, for such are their orders. See, however, that your prince does not have them impaled, as he surely would Cossacks. This is why Tartars are given to you. The hetman has ordered that your horse be given you. Farewell! Remember us with kindness. Give our hetman's respects to your prince, and if he be persuaded to come to Hmelnitski with homage, he may find favor. Farewell!"

Pan Yan seated himself in the wagon, which the Tartars surrounded at once; and they moved on. It was difficult to pass through the square, which was completely packed with Zaporojians and the mob. Both were cooking kasha for themselves, while singing songs over the victory of Jóltiya Vodi and Korsún, composed by blind minstrels, a multitude of whom came from all sides to the camp. Between the fires burning under the kasha kettles, lay here and there bodies of murdered women over whom orgies had taken place in the night, or stood pyramids of heads cut from the bodies of killed and wounded soldiers. These bodies and heads had begun to decay and give out an offensive odor, which however did not seem to be at all disagreeable to the assembled crowds. The town bore marks of devastation and the wild license of Zaporojians. Doors and windows were torn out; the shivered fragments of a thousand objects, mixed with hair and straw, covered the square. The eaves

of houses were ornamented with hanged men, for the greater part Jews; and here and there the crowd amused themselves by clinging to the feet of pendent corpses and swinging on them.

On one side of the square were the black ruins of burnt buildings, among them those of the parish church; the ruins were hot, and smoke was rising from them. The odor of burning permeated the air. Beyond the burnt houses was the Tartar camp, which Skshetuski had to pass, and crowds of captives watched by Tartar guards. Men from the neighborhood of Chigirin, Cherkasi, and Korsún, who had been unable to hide, or who had not fallen under the axe of the mob, went into captivity. The prisoners were soldiers, captured in the two battles; and townspeople of the region about, who had been unable or unwilling to join the uprising; nobles living on their own lands, separately or in communes; officials of under-starostas; owners of small tracts of land; village nobles of both sexes, and children. There were no old men, for the Tartars killed them as unfit for sale. They had driven in also whole Russian villages and settlements, — an act which Hmelnitski did not dare to oppose. In many places it happened that men went to the Cossack camp, and as a reward the Tartars burned their cottages, and carried off their wives and children. But in the universal letting loose and growing wild of souls, no one inquired or thought about that. The mob who took arms gave up their native villages, their wives and children. Their wives were taken from them; but they took other and better women, for they were Polish. After they had sated themselves with the charms of these they killed them, or sold them to Tartars. Among the prisoners also were young matrons of the Ukraine, tied by threes and fours to one rope with young women of the petty nobility. Captivity and misfortune equalized condition.

The sight of these beings shocked the lieutenant to the bottom of his soul, and roused a thirst for vengeance. Tattered, half naked, exposed to the vile jeers of pagans who were loitering through curiosity in crowds on the square, pushed, struck, or kissed by disgusting lips, they lost their memory and will. Some sobbed, or resisted loudly; others, with staring eyes and bewildered faces, yielded passively to everything. Here and there was heard a shriek wrested from some captive, slaughtered without mercy for an out-

burst of despairing resistance. The cracking of whips, the whistling of ox-hide lashes, was heard among the crowd of men, and was mingled with screams of pain, with the whining of children, the bellowing of cattle, and the neighing of horses. The booty was not yet divided and arranged for removal; therefore the greatest disorder prevailed everywhere. Wagons, horses, horned cattle, camels, sheep, women, men, heaps of stolen clothing, vessels, arms, — all, thrust into one enormous camp, waited arrangement and order. Scouting-parties drove in from time to time new crowds of people and herds of cattle, laden barges sailed down the Ros, and from the chief camp new people arrived continually to sate their eyes with the sight of the collected wealth. Some, drunk on kumis or vudka, dressed in strange costumes, — in chasubles and surplices, in robes of Russian priests, or even in women's clothes, — began to dispute, quarrel, and scream over the possession of certain articles. The Tartar herdsmen, sitting on the ground among the cattle, amused themselves, — some by giving piercing melodies on their pipes, others by playing dice or beating one another with clubs. Crowds of dogs which had followed their masters barked and howled plaintively.

Skshetuski at length passed this human gehenna, full of groans, tears of misery, and hellish sounds. He had expected to breathe more freely; but the moment he was beyond the camp a new and terrible sight struck his eyes. In the distance was the camp proper, from which came a continual neighing of horses, and near which thousands of Tartars swarmed in the field by the side of the road leading to Cherkasi. The youthful warriors amused themselves with shooting for exercise from bows at the weaker prisoners, or the sick who were unable to endure the long road to the Crimea. A number of bodies lay around, thrown on the road, as full of holes as a sieve; some of them still quivered convulsively. Those at whom they were shooting hung bound by the hands to trees near the roadside. Among these were also old women. Shouts accompanied laughter of approval for good arrow-shots.

"Fine fellows! The bow is in good hands!"

Around the principal camp they were dressing thousands of cattle and horses for the sustenance of the warriors. The ground was drenched with blood. The sickening odor of raw flesh stifled the breath in the breast, and among the piles of meat red Tartars hurried around with knives in

their hands. The day was oppressive, the sun scorching. Skshetuski with his escort barely reached the open field after an hour's travelling; but from afar there came for a long time the tumult and bellowing of cattle from the main camp. Along the road traces of the passage of plunderers were evident. Here and there were burnt gardens, chimneys standing alone, young grain trodden under foot, trees broken, cherry-orchards near the cottages cut down for fuel. On the high-road lay thickly, in one place, the carcasses of horses; in another the bodies of men mutilated fearfully, blue, swollen, and above and over them flocks of crows and ravens, flying with tumult and noise at the approach of people. The bloody work of Hmelnitski thrust itself upon the sight everywhere, and it was difficult to understand against whom the man had raised his hands, since his own country groaned first of all under the weight of misfortune.

In Mleyeff, Skshetuski met Tartar parties urging on new crowds of prisoners. Gorodische was burned to the ground. There remained standing only the stone bell-tower of the church, and the old oak-tree in the middle of the square, covered with terrible fruit; for upon it were suspended a number of tens of little Jews, hanged there three days before. There were killed also many nobles from Konoplanka, Staroselo, Venjovka, Balaklei, Vodachevo. The town itself was empty; for the men had gone to Hmelnitski, and the women, children, and old men had fled to the woods before the expected invasion by the armies of Prince Yeremi. From Gorodische, Skshetuski went through Smila, Zabotin, and Novosélyets to Chigirin, stopping only to rest his horse. They entered the town on the second day in the afternoon. War had spared the place; only a few houses were wrecked, and among them that of Chaplinski was razed to the ground. In the town was stationed Colonel Naókolopályets, and with him a thousand Cossacks; but both he and they and the whole population lived in the greatest terror, for they all seemed convinced that the prince might come at any moment and wreak vengeance such as the world had never heard of. It was unknown who had circulated these reports, or where they had come from; fear perhaps had created them. Enough that it was repeated continually that the prince was sailing on the Sula, that he was already on the Dnieper, had burned Vasyutinets, and had cut off the people in Borysi, and that every ap-

proach of men on horseback caused boundless panic. Skshetuski caught up these reports eagerly; for he understood that though false they prevented the extension of the rebellion beyond the Dnieper, where the hand of the prince pressed directly.

Skshetuski wished to learn something more certain from Naókolopályets; but it appeared that the lieutenant-colonel, like others, knew nothing about the prince, and would have been glad himself to extract some news from Skshetuski. Since all boats, large and small, had been brought over to that bank of the river, fugitives from the other shore did not come to Chigirin.

Skshetuski, without waiting longer in Chigirin, gave orders to be ferried over, and set out for Rozlogi. The assurance that he would soon convince himself of what had happened to Helena, and the hope that perhaps she was safe, or had taken refuge with her aunt and the princes in Lubni, brought back his strength and health. He left the wagon for his horse, and urged without sparing his Tartars, who, thinking him an envoy and themselves attendants given under his command, dared not oppose him. They flew on therefore as if hunted. Behind them rose yellow clouds of dust hurled up by the hoofs of the horses. They swept past farms, gardens, and villages. The country was empty, the habitations of men depopulated; for a long time they could not find a living soul. It is likely, too, that every one hid at their approach. Here and there Skshetuski gave orders to search in orchards and bee-gardens, grain-mows and the roofs of barns, but they discovered no man.

Beyond Pogrebi one of the Tartars first espied a certain human form trying to hide among the rushes which grew on the banks of the Kagamlik. The Tartars rushed to the river, and a few minutes later brought before Skshetuski two persons entirely naked. One of them was an old man; the other a stripling, perhaps fifteen or sixteen years of age. The teeth of both were chattering with terror, and for a long time they were unable to utter a word.

"Where are you from?" asked Skshetuski.

"Nowhere, sir!" answered the old man. "We go begging with a lyre, and this dumb boy leads me."

"Where are you coming from now, — from what village? Speak boldly; nothing will happen to you."

"We, sir, travelled through all the villages, till some devil stripped us. We had good boots, he took them; we had good caps, he took them; good coats from people's charity, he took them, and did not leave the lyre."

"I ask you, you fool, from what village you come."

"I don't know, sir, — I am an old man. See, we are naked; we are freezing at night, in the daytime we ask the charity of people to cover us and feed us; we are hungry!"

"Listen, louts! Answer my question, or I will hang you!"

"I don't know, my lord. If I am this or that, or there will be anything, let me alone."

It was evident that the old man, unable to decide who his questioner was, determined not to give any answer.

"Were you in Rozlogi, where the Princes Kurtsevichi live?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Hang him!" cried Skshetuski.

"I was, sir," cried the old man, seeing there was no trifling.

"What did you see there?"

"We were there five days ago, and then in Brovarki; we heard that the knights had come there."

"What knights?"

"I don't know, sir; one said Poles, another said Cossacks."

"To horse!" shouted Skshetuski to the Tartars.

The party rushed on. The sun was setting precisely as on that day when the lieutenant, after meeting Helena and the princess on the road, rode by them at the side of Rozvan's carriage. The Kagamlik shone with purple, just as it had then; the day went to rest with more quiet, more warmth and calm. But that time Pan Yan rode on with a breast full of happiness and awakening feelings of delight; now he rushes on like a condemned man, driven by a whirlwind of trouble and evil forebodings. The voice of despair calls from his soul, "Bogun has carried her away, you will never see her again!" and a voice of hope, "She is safe!" And these voices so pulled him between them that they almost tore his heart asunder. He urged the horses to their last strength. One hour followed another. The moon rose and mounted higher and higher, grew paler and paler. The horses were covered with foam, and snorted heavily. They rushed into the forest, it was passed in a flash; they rushed into the ravine; beyond the ravine was Rozlogi. Another moment, and the fate of the

knight would be settled. The wind whistles into his ears from the speed, his cap falls from his head, the horse groans under him as if ready to drop. Another moment, and the ravine opens. At last! at last!

Suddenly an unearthly shriek comes from the breast of Skshetuski. The house, granaries, stables, barns, picket-fence, and cherry-orchard had all disappeared. The pale moon shone upon the hill, and on a pile of black ruins which had ceased to smoke. No sound broke the silence.

Skshetuski stood before the trench speechless; he merely raised his hands, looked, and shook his head in bewilderment. The Tartars stopped their horses. He dismounted, sought out the remains of the burned bridge, passed the trench on the cross-pieces, and sat on the stone lying in the middle of the yard. Having sat down, he began to look around like a man who tries to recognize a place in which he finds himself for the first time. Presence of mind left him. He uttered no groan. After a while he placed his hands on his knees, dropped his head, and remained motionless; it might have been supposed that he was asleep. Indeed, if not asleep, he had become torpid; and through his brain passed dim visions instead of thoughts. He saw Helena as she looked when he parted with her before his last journey; but her face was veiled as it were by mist, therefore her features could not be distinguished. He wished to bring her out of that misty covering, but could not, and went away with heavy heart. Then there passed before him the square at Chigirin, old Zatsvilikhovski, and the impudent face of Zagloba; that face remained before his eyes with a special persistence, until at length the gloomy visage of Grodzitski took its place. After that he saw Kudák again, the Cataracts, the fight at Hortitsa, the Saitch, the whole journey, and all the events to the last day and hour. But farther there was darkness! What was happening to him at the present he saw not. He had only a sort of indefinite feeling that he was going to Helena, to Rozlogi, but his strength had failed; that he was resting on ruins. He wanted to rise and go farther, but an immeasurable weakness bound him to the place, as if a hundred-pound ball were fastened to his feet.

He sat and sat. The evening was advancing. The Tartars arranged themselves for the night, made a fire, cooked pieces of horse-flesh, and having satisfied their hunger, lay down on the ground.

But before an hour had passed they sprang to their feet again. From a distance came a noise like the sound made by a great number of cavalry when moving on a hurried march.

The Tartars fastened as quickly as possible a white cloth on a pole, and renewed the fire vigorously, so that it might be seen from a distance that they were messengers of peace.

The tramp and snorting of horses, the clatter of sabres, came nearer and nearer; and soon there appeared on the road a division of cavalry, which surrounded the Tartars at once.

A short parley followed. The Tartars pointed to a figure sitting on the rising ground, — which was perfectly visible, for the light of the moon fell on it, — and said they were escorting an envoy, but from whom he could tell best himself.

The leader of the division went with some of his companions to the rising ground, but had scarcely come up and looked into the face of the sitting man, when he opened his arms and cried, —

"Skshetuski! By the living God, it is Skshetuski!"

The lieutenant did not move.

"But, Lieutenant, don't you know me? I am Bykhovets. What is the matter with you?"

The lieutenant was silent.

"Rouse yourself, for God's sake! Here, comrade, come to your mind!"

This was really Pan Bykhovets, who was marching in the vanguard of all Vishnyevetski's forces.

Other regiments came up. News of the discovery of Pan Yan spread like lightning in the regiments, therefore all hurried to greet their favorite comrade. Little Volodyovski, the two Sleshinskis, Dzik, Orpishevski, Migurski, Yakubovich, Lents, Pan Longin Podbipienta, and a number of other officers ran as fast as they could to the eminence. But they spoke in vain to him, called him by name, pulled him by the shoulders, tried to raise him up. Skshetuski looked on them with wide-open eyes, and recognized no man; or rather, on the contrary, he seemed to recognize them, but was completely indifferent to them. Then those who knew of his love for Helena — and indeed all knew that — remembered what place they were in; looking on the black ruins and the gray ashes, they understood all.

"He has lost his mind from grief," said one.

"Despair has disturbed his mind."

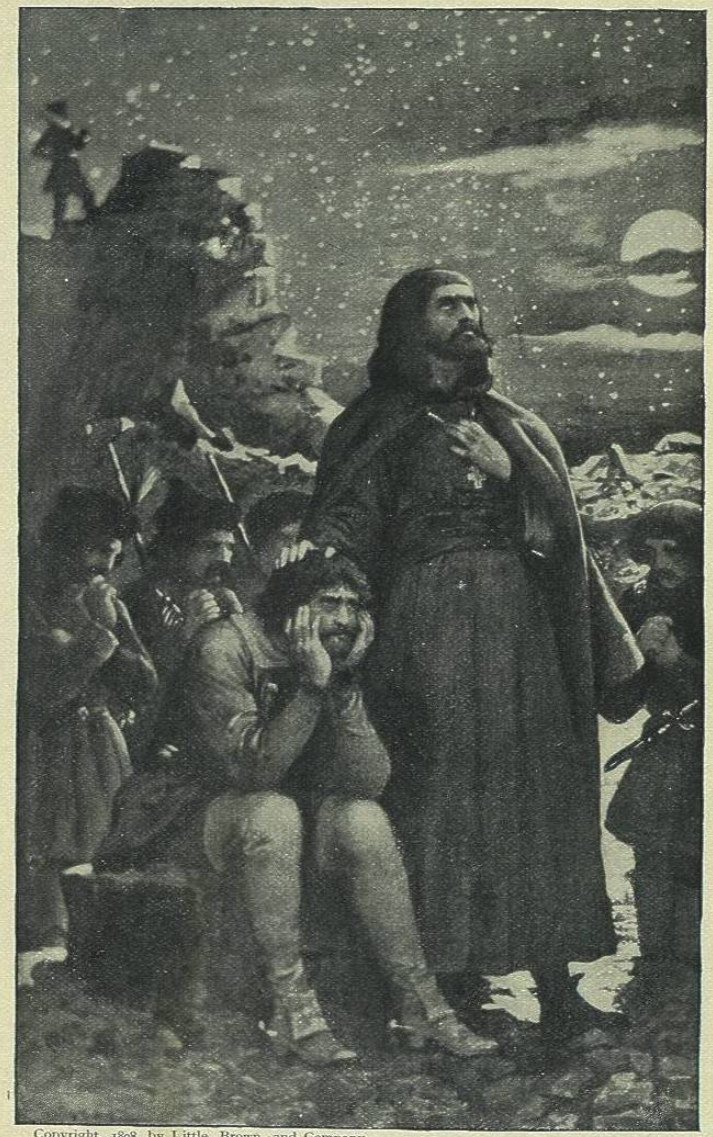
"Take him to the priest; when he sees him perhaps he will come to himself."

Pan Longin wrung his hands. All surrounded the lieutenant and looked at him with sympathy. Some wiped away their tears, others sighed sadly; till suddenly a lofty figure appeared, and approaching quietly, placed his hands upon the lieutenant's head. This was the priest, Mukhovetski.

All were silent and knelt down as if waiting for a miracle; but the priest performed no miracle. Holding his hands on Pan Yan's head, he raised his eyes to the heavens, which were filled with the light of the moon, and began to pray aloud.

"'Pater noster, qui es in cœlis! sanctificetur nomen tuum, adveniat regnum tuum, fiat voluntas tua—'" Here he stopped, and after a while repeated more loudly and solemnly: "'Fiat voluntas tua!'" A deep silence reigned. "'Fiat voluntas tua!'" repeated the priest for the third time.

From the mouth of Skshetuski came a voice of measureless pain, but also of resignation: "'Sicut in cœlo, et in terra!'" Then the knight threw himself sobbing on the ground.



"HE RAISED HIS EYES AND BEGAN TO PRAY ALOUD."

From a drawing by J. Wagrez.